

Taking the Measure of Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model

By Charles Darnton.

NEVER, so long as I live and go to the theatre, will I pin my simple faith to a programme again! Would that my innocent eye had not fallen upon that treacherous line: "corset used exclusively in this production."

How was I to know it was not used on Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model? Alas! and likewise alas! I was in for it.

She who was Nellie "every evening and the usual matinee" stood before me accusingly:

"You wrote," said Miss Reata Winfield, more in sorrow than in anger, "that I was laced up to the last curtain."

She paused to watch me cringe. When I had cringed to her complete satisfaction, she went on steadily, coldly:

"Well, I wasn't."

"No," I mentioned, lifting my guilty head.

"No," she rejoined, so kelly that I rose in my rubbers. "I wasn't laced at all. If I had known that you were a married man I should have written you a note telling you that I did not wear corsets. I have never worn corsets."

"Really?"

"Really and truly. But your mistake was quite excusable. That line in the programme misled you."

"Indeed it did," I protested. "Then," gaining courage, "you became Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, with only your natural figure?"

"And my natural nerve," added the tall, slender, placid Miss Winfield. "It required nerve to go after that job, for the advertisement called for a woman with the form of a Venus de Milo, the fascination of a Du Barry, and the beauty of a Marie Antoinette. No one will have the nerve to answer that ad," I said to myself.

"But you answered it?"

"I sent my colored maid with a note which read: 'This is not the woman you want, but she works for the one you do.' Pretty good, don't you think?"

The best ever!

"Well, Mr. Woods sent for me and engaged me without wasting any words. I wore my best gown and my nerve did the rest. But I was mistaken about other women having no nerve. There were Venuses, Marie Antoinettes and things all over the place. And on the 'knocking' when they heard I had been given the job. Have you ever heard theatrical applicants get through with me I was all knocked to pieces. 'Reata Winfield' they hammered. 'Why, she's only a vaudeville performer!' But I didn't mind. I forgot them and began thinking about Nellie."

"Do you look on Nellie as a mere matter of form?" I inquired.

"Indeed I do not," said The Beautiful One in Black. "I cry with Nellie every night. After the first struggle for life she takes hold of me."

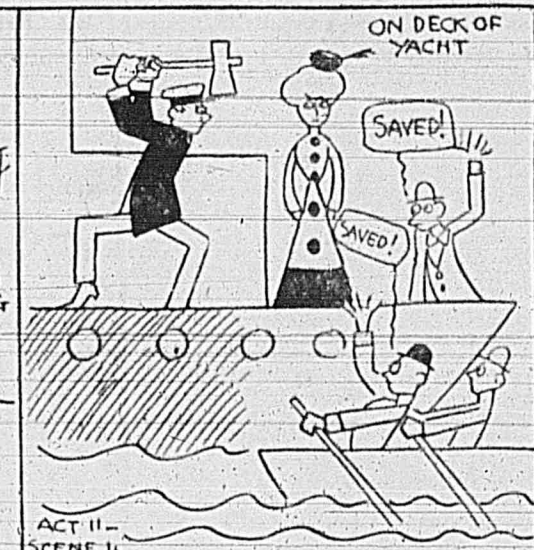
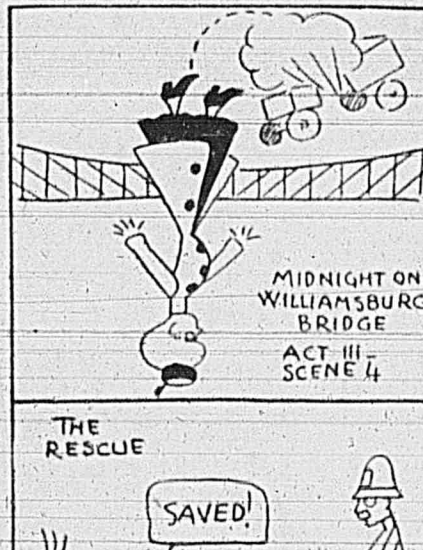
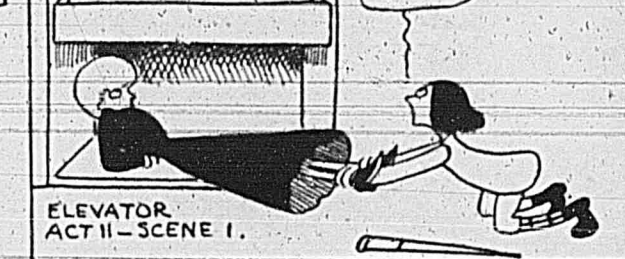
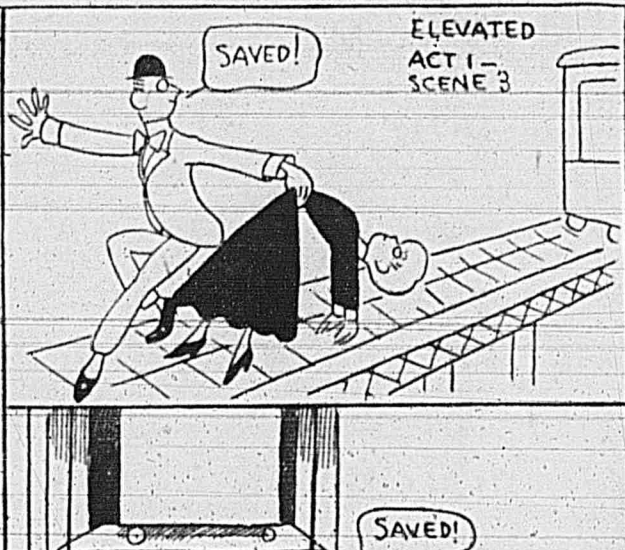
"Which of your hairbreadth escapes from death do you enjoy most?" I asked.

"I feel that freight elevator scene most of all," she said. "I went all to pieces at the first rehearsal when I saw it coming down, and I was so frightened at the opening performance that I rolled out of the shaft without waiting for the little cripple to save me. The elevator weighed three hundred pounds at that time, and I didn't care to take any chances."

"The dangers of melodrama are many?"

"Believe me, they are. See this scar?" raising a finger to her forehead. "That's where the villain hit me with an axe the other night. He became too much of a villain. He didn't mean to hit me, of course. He is a very kind man under ordinary circumstances, and I think he really likes me."

"But accidents will happen in the best of melodramas!"



NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL

"They're bound to happen. During the first week I pulled my hip out of joint stepping from the rocking yacht into the small boat. I dread that scene very much."

"More than the automobile explosion?"

"Yes, that is merely a matter of holding on for dear life. When the villain explodes the dynamite the front end of the automobile is thrown up by an automatic device. The elevated railroad scene is also purely automatic. When I am placed on the track I know what's coming. But taken altogether, Nellie's life is rather exciting."

"Was your life uneventful before you met Nellie?"

"Not exactly," she answered with a reminiscent smile. "When I was five years old I ran away with a circus."

"When you were five?"

"Just five. I lived with an aunt on a ranch in Mexico. One day, when Sells Brothers' circus was at Agua Caliente, five miles away, I rode to town and joined the circus. I dressed as a boy then, but after I had been riding around the ring on a broad-backed horse for a month, the circus people discovered I wasn't a boy and sent me back home. At the age of seven I was acting with a stock company in Portland, Ore., when along came my aunt, Margaret Mather—you remember her, don't you?—and took charge of me. I never went to school, but I have managed to learn a few things by reading and studying. I gave up acting to play my violin in vaudeville. I never had to study that. The first time I picked up a violin—and I was only five then—I played 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' without any trouble. But I've had my troubles, and that's why Nellie appeals to me in that Haymarket scene. I've known what it is to go hungry in the streets."

"Where?" I was becoming greatly interested in Nellie, the Beautiful Story-teller.

"In London," she answered. "I went over there when I was seventeen to play an engagement at the Tivoli. I landed on Saturday, and on Monday I was down with typhoid fever. How was that for luck? I was dead to the world for eight weeks, and when I got out of the hospital I was dead broke, and didn't have a friend to turn to. But I had my violin, and I went out into the street with it and played in a corner. In this way I got a little money, and a few days later I got a job as a waitress in a tea house on the Strand. Three weeks later I was made manageress of the place. One day a man came in, looked at me hard, and then asked, 'Didn't I see you playing a violin at the New York theatre?' When I told him that I had played there, he said, 'What are you doing here?' I told him my hard luck story, and when I had finished he said, 'I'll send around a friend who may be able to get you an engagement at the Alhambra.' I didn't encourage him, for I was a little leary."

"With a confidential little smile at 'leary,' Miss Winfield went on: 'I thought no more of the matter until a few days later, when one of the girls called up to me: 'Mr. Lipton is down here to see you.' 'Tell him we don't want any tea to-day,' I answered. 'He doesn't want to sell tea,' called back the girl. 'He wants to see you.' 'Mr. Lipton was laughing when I got downstairs. He explained that he was the 'friend' of the man who had 'discovered' me. As a result of our

talk I appeared at a 'drawing-room' a short time afterward, and as a compliment to him I played a medley of Scotch and Irish airs. When I had finished he came over to me and said, 'That's right, Miss Winfield, always stick to American airs.' I think the only time he knows is 'God Save the King.' One evening he took me to play before the King, though I wasn't supposed to know. I was shown into a little room at Buckingham Palace, where a short, fat, red-faced man sat at a desk. When I had played two numbers he said to me: 'I am told you would like to play before His Majesty the King.' 'I should like it very much,' I replied, 'but not more than playing before you.' Sir Thomas frowned, but the King just smiled. 'That ended the audience, however. The second time I saw him was when I played at Windsor by command. Since the day Sir Thomas came to see me I have had good luck, and I feel that I owe everything to him. But we're getting away from Nellie, aren't we?'

To get back to her I asked Miss Winfield whether she had studied cloak models in the interests of 'art' and Nellie.

"I've been a cloak model," she answered, springing another surprise. "I worked for \$12 a week—just what Nellie gets—in a wholesale house when I first came to New York. I couldn't get an engagement and I had to do something for a living. So, you see, I know how to sympathize with Nellie."

"Did you find the life of a cloak model as exciting as Nellie's?"

"No, mine was quite peaceful. It's the working girl on the stage who is beset by temptations and tribulations. If she's an heiress, so much the worse for her. The girl in real life who has to be on her guard against temptation is the girl who goes on the stage. Take Evelyn Thaw's case, for instance. I like Nellie because she stands out against temptation. The women in the audience seem to like her for the same reason. When she starts to take money from the villain, they nearly always cry, 'No, Nellie!' And when I hit the villain with a vase they shout, 'Good for you, Nellie!' Their sympathy gives me fresh strength. I grit my teeth and make the villain feel my strength. Mr. Rose, who staged the play—he's a wonderful man—said to me at rehearsal, 'Be intense, but don't grab people. You'll hurt them.' I'm as hard as nails—feel my arm."

Poor Mister Villain!

"Mr. Rose calls me 'The Wild Woman of the Prairie.' But I am very sympathetic. They call me 'the baby' at the office because I cry so easily. Nellie breaks me all up. She's a real, sincere sort of girl. The awful moment to me is the one in 'The Haymarket' when Jack says 'I don't want to talk to you.' I always say to myself, 'My God, suppose this were real!'

Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Lotion for Dry Hair.

M—Here is a good formula for curing dryness of scalp. Do not fail to massage the head thoroughly twice a day in using this lotion. Glycerine, 1 ounce; castor oil, 1 ounce; 1 pint; liquid ammonia, 1 dram; oil of orange, 1 dram; oil of rosemary, 1/2 dram of each; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce. Briskly massage for ten minutes, then add camphor julep, 1-2 pint, and again mix well and stir. A few drops of essence of musk or other perfume can be added.

To Cure Pimples.

R—Try this cream for pimples: Lanoline, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitated, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 2 1/2 grams; extract of aloes, 1/2 dram. Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple; wait until the pimples are cured before using the face brush, which might irritate them.

Tonic for Falling Hair.

E—This is a very good tonic. But massaging the scalp is even of more importance. The skin over the skull should be loose and flexible to permit of a free circulation. Cologne, 5 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; oil of English lavender, oil of rosemary, 1-2 dram each. Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean. Shampoo at least once a week.

Red Hair.

B—PATRICE—You are very foolish to wish to change the color of your red hair, which is a blessing, not a misfortune. Also, you make a fatal mistake in preferring light eyebrows to dark. The accepted opinion of connoisseurs on this subject is that light eyebrows and lashes are not beautiful. Leave your hair as nature gave it to

May Manton's Daily Fashions



Blouse Waist—Pattern No. 5582.

It can be worn over an entirely separate waist that one may please. Also the sleeves can be either in three-quarter or full length. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21, 31-2 yards 27, or 2 yards 41 inches wide with 3-4 yard of all-over lace and 6-12 yards of braid to make as illustrated, 1 yard of all-over lace if long sleeves are used. Pattern 5582 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

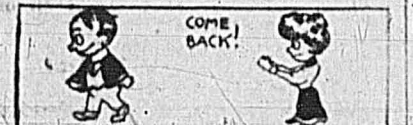
BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

The Lover Who Needs Encouragement. HENRY M. STANLEY took risks and braved dangers that would have turned most men's hair white. Yet it is said he never knew fear until he asked a girl to marry him. This queer form of cowardice is much more frequent than you girls may think. The man who can look the whole world in the face and wring from it fame and fortune is often the vainest poltroon when it comes to asking one fragile, fluty little girl to share his future. And, by an odd contrast, the man who is boldest in wooing—and who never has a case of "faint heart near one fair lady"—is often the man who does least well in business or professional life. Nor is he usually as good and true a husband as the easy, courageous wooer. These facts have been substantiated again and again.

In view of all this, it behooves the girl who really loves one of these bashful men to encourage him a little. Not to "throw herself at his head" (or feet), but at the same time to do nothing to rebuff his timid advances or to check the words he finds it so hard to speak. The maidenly reserve so useful in dealing with a more ardent wooer will often frighten away the Beautiful One. There is a happy medium between such reserve and too bold a reception of his bashful proffered love. And remember, the timid wooer is apt to make quite as good a husband and wage-earner as his braver brother. Often better.

He Stays Away.

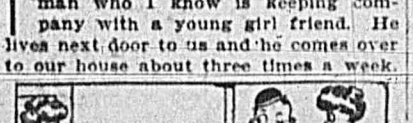
Dear Betty: AM a young girl of twenty, and have been going with a young man of twenty-three. He asked me to marry him last June, and then stayed away without a reason. He has taken out several different girls since then. He comes back and then stays away. When I ask him why he stays away he says he doesn't know. Do you think he loves me still? HEARTBROKEN.



He does not act as if he loves you. Try to become interested in some other man, or, at least, let this one see he cannot treat you with such a lack of consideration and respect.

He Courts Two Girls.

Dear Betty: AM very much in love with a young man who I know is keeping company with a young girl friend. He lives next door to us and he comes over to our house about three times a week.



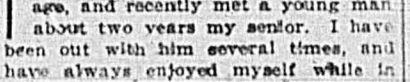
He displays a great deal of affection for me, and seems to think a great deal

of me. In fact, he took me out a few times before he met this girl, and she is very wealthy, and I, of course, am not. Since keeping company with her he has often asked me to go out, but I, of course, would not think of such a thing, although I love him dearly and I think he is undecided. Do you think because I am poor that will make a difference? ELLENORE C.

It might make a difference. The young man has no right to ask you to go out with him if he is engaged to another woman. Do not accept his invitations. If necessary tell him he must choose between you.

He Says He Loves Her.

Dear Betty: AM a young lady eighteen years of age, and recently met a young man about two years my senior. I have been out with him several times, and have always enjoyed myself while in his company. Towards the last, however, he has been very affectionate, and has confessed his love for me, and has also asked me if his love is returned. I do love him, but do you think it would be proper to tell him so, on such a short acquaintance? WAITING.



I think you had better reserve the confession of your love until the young man has asked you to marry him. If he is serious about his intentions, the length of your acquaintance will should determine you.

How Trainer William Muldoon Leads Women Back to Health and Beauty

The daily exercises patients at Muldoon's Farm go through, which can be duplicated by any woman without leaving New York.

SIXTH DAY AT THE FARM.

By Annette Bradshaw.

Woke up at 6 o'clock. It was a fine morning. The snow was still on the ground. I went out for a walk. The professor had to go to the city to-day. Dick was left in charge of the men. He took them out for a long tramp in the snow—about five miles. The professor advised me to rest up well to-day, as I have put in a pretty stiff week. He said we would all go horseback to-morrow, but that I must have a sleigh ride so as to get some air.

Mademoiselle and I started at about 9:30 o'clock in her market sleigh, driving Sallie, her little prize-winning mare. It was hardly cold, the snow was still falling in soft splashes on our faces and Sallie kept the bells ringing. Along the white roads it was great sport, for we were tucked in nice and warm with fur robes and mufflers.

I wore felt shoes that kept my feet beautifully warm, and lined gloves, so that I did not even have to keep my hands under the robes. We bought turkeys and chops and prunes, and sugar, and all sorts of things in most unheard-of quantities, and of the choicest. When we started back in our

sleigh the wind was behind us, and Sallie just flew along. Brightened Eyes And Rosy Cheeks.

When we reached home it was almost 12 o'clock, so I just had time to get ready for dinner, and rub some cold cream on my face, as the exposure of the last few days had chapped it quite a lot. Aside from the chapping, the improvement is wonderful. There is plenty of color where once it was so pale; the dark shadows have gone from under my eyes and the eyes themselves are clear and bright.

Down in the dining-room it seemed very lonesome without the professor. We ate chicken and rice soup, roast mutton, potatoes, succotash and sago pudding.

The mere naming of the simple pudding that we have does not give any idea how good they are. They are properly cooked, deliciously flavored and served with cream. Many a saucer goes up for a second helping.

A Mile Walk Over the Snow.

In the afternoon it was fine. It had stopped snowing and was just cold

enough to be bracing. Out of doors was no inviting that in spite of my intention to stay in and rest, I went out with the rest of the crowd when they started for their walk with Dick. We walked to Purchase, something over a mile, through the snow and back.

A cold wind had sprung up, which made us feel our ears occasionally, to make sure they had not been nipped by the frost. The snow was deep enough to make it seem like walking through sand—those two miles were really quite an exertion. But this only served to make us warmer.

Another Sleigh Ride Completes the Day.

Once more back in the big house. There was hot water to drink, and then a short rest before supper. For that we had kidney saute, mashed potatoes, baked beans, hot biscuits and apple sauce.

The professor was very late getting home, so that we were all through supper when he arrived. But while he was eating his, I found he had been planning a treat for me, for he had ordered a double sleigh made ready by eight o'clock. There were four of us for the ride, Mademoiselle and I occupying the back seat.

A Few More Lemons at a Cent Apiece. 22 22 By F. G. Long

